

HUDDY & DUVAL'S  
**U. S. MILITARY MAGAZINE.**

PHILADELPHIA--JANUARY, 1842.

MAJOR WILLIAM FRY,  
LEHIGH COUNTY, PA.

The fondness for military matters which prevails so universally among the American people, is rarely more conspicuous or more absorbing than in the gentleman whose portrait embellishes the present number of the Military Magazine, and we may add too that in these "*piping times of peace*" there are few men who have done the State more service in this capacity; few indeed who fill so well the station to which their disposition leads them to aspire.

Colonel, or as he is more familiarly termed, Major Fry, was born at Bladensburg, D. C., in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred.

While a youth he removed with his parents to Germantown, Pa., where he passed the early part of his life.

In 1820, he removed to Augusta in Georgia, and in one week after his arrival became a member of the Union Guards, a handsome and efficient volunteer corps of that city, and a vacancy occurring soon after, he was unanimously elected and duly commissioned second Lieutenant of the corps, in which capacity he acted while he remained there.

In 1822, he removed to the beautiful borough of Allentown, Lehigh County, where he now resides. Was soon after his arrival elected Major of the second battalion, sixty eighth Regiment, Pennsylvania militia.

In 1828, he was appointed Brigade-major by the late Brigadier-General Ruch of the Second Brigade, Seventh Division. Meantime he was actively employed in endeavoring to organize a volunteer corps, and after unusual exertion succeeded in forming the Lehigh Artillerists, which is at this

day one of the handsomest, best equipped and disciplined companies in the State, (see October No. of this Magazine.)

He was then elected Brigade-Inspector of the Second Brigade, Seventh Division.

In 1840, he was elected Colonel of the one hundred and forty-fourth volunteer Regiment, Second Brigade, which office he has held until recently. His boast is (and all who know him are aware of its correctness) that he never lost a single parade day in the whole nineteen years of his military services.

He is now about forty-one years of age, as active and as competent to discharge his official duties as ever he was.

He is known for his social qualities and that pretty extensively, whilst his originality, good sense and laughter moving witicism render him an acceptable companion wherever he goes. His knowledge of the world is extensive—men, rather than books, have been his favourite study.

On duty he is a strict disciplinarian, and the business of the moment if done at all under his direction must be done correctly.

In private life he has many friends, is in comfortable circumstances; friendly and hospitable.

His acquaintance is extensive, and knows and is known by every man in the Brigade.

Whatever may be urged against him by his opponents none will deny him these qualities, and few ever visited the county of Lehigh, or spent a single hour in Allentown, without hearing or seeing something of Major Wm. Fry.



For the U. S. Military Magazine.

## "THE GLORIOUS THREE DAYS;"

A TALE OF FRENCH HISTORY.

BY GEORGE W. HASKINS.

On the evening of the 27th of July, 1830, two persons were conversing on the piazza of a spacious mansion in the Boulevard S'te Dennis. From their general appearance, and their bearing towards each other, the most careless observer would at once have detected the master and servant, for the tone of the one was as haughty and proud, as that of the other was cringing and deferential. The first of these was habited in the uniform of the National Gendarmes, that immense balance wheel, by which France, and the French nation are kept properly equalized, and without which their excitable populace would be as ungovernable as the waves of the sea. He was tall and heavily built, and the enormous sword which hung suspended at his side, would have been but a harmless weapon in the hands of any less powerful man. On his lip he wore a curling moustache, the usual and time honoured decoration of the *Soldat Français*. His features were handsome, but there was something sinister in his look that, coupled with his great strength, gave him an unpleasant expression, which was not at all diminished by an habitual scowl, and an ugly scar reaching from his eye to the corner of his mouth. His discourse, or rather vituperative address, was every way consistent with his person.

"*Bête*, Pierre, why have you with all my talking consented to parley with that off-cast, Leon Latouche? do you not know that he is already published as a traitor? and will he not be executed the moment he is taken? yet you hold long talks with him in the open fields, and when the police have attempted to capture him, you have aided in his escape! For your neck I care not, but as your conduct will undoubtedly excite suspicion I must also suffer for your indiscretions."

"Please, Sir, I did but promise to convey to his friends of the Polytechnick School, word of his whereabouts, that they might assist him to some necessities, for he is in need;" was the reply of the terrified servant. What then was his surprise, when instead of hearing a burst of anger from his master, he saw him pause with his eyes fixed on some object in the street, and immediately after spring from the step on which he had been standing, mount his horse, and gallop quickly off.

Captain Larreau, for such were his name and rank, rode swiftly on, nor slackened in his pace until he reached the principal bureau of police. There he dismounted, and requesting to be shown to the *Commissaire du bureau*, he was at once ushered into the presence of that officer. The commissaire received him as an acquaintance, and motioning

him to a chair, demanded to know the nature of his business. His visitor informed him that while standing on the portico of his house, he had seen passing the notorious Leon Latouche, who had even made a gesture of defiance, but had disappeared in the gathering gloom of the evening. This information seemed to have a great effect on the Commissaire, who paced the room thoughtfully for a few moments, and then ringing a small bell, his principal agent of police entered the apartment. To him he gave a few hasty orders, and the officer left the room. As soon as the door was closed after him, the Commissaire spoke. "Larreau, I greatly fear an émeute in the course of to-night or to-morrow: you will hold yourself in readiness to quell any demonstration of riot the moment it shows itself. Spare not the sabre; a few broken heads will teach the beggarly churls, that the king's power is greater than their own. I have this moment given directions, acting upon your information, which I think will lead to the arrest of this formidable Leon Latouche." The eye of the soldier gleamed for a moment as he answered, that he would do the utmost in his power to subdue the outbreak, should there be any, when he withdrew and rode homeward, chuckling in the anticipation of his bloody work on the morrow. Suddenly his course was stayed by a barricade which had been thrown across the narrow street, and something flapping heavily against his face, he looked up and beheld the *Tri-Coloured Flag*, the first symptom of the general uprising in favour of the "blessed cause." At that moment he was felled from his horse by a blow from a man's hand.

It is now proper that we should give some account of Leon Latouche, of whom we have yet heard only the name. Born of good parents, he had, until the age of fifteen, resided at home, but at that time, his mother dying, he was left alone with his father. An only child, he was indulged to the extent of his desires, and one year after the death of his mother, he entered the *Ecole Polytechnique*, that cradle of so many great men, and from which Napoleon himself was proud to claim his rise. Here his ready comprehension and great tact made him alike the favourite of his tutors and companions; and at the early age of eighteen, he was so far advanced as to be able to compete with the first pupil in the school. The crisis of France, however, was approaching, and Leon, ever open and candid, declared immediately for the republican party, and was summarily ejected from the school. Soon after, his acts of rebellion becoming so marked as to call the attention of the police to them, a reward was offered



for his capture; and he had consequently remained secreted, with the exception of a few instances, when he had ventured out to meet some of his old and tried friends, or to mature and perfect some of his plans; for he was never idle in the good cause of Liberty. It was on one of these occasions that he had encountered Pierre in the open grounds near the city, and which interview had brought upon the servant the maledictions of his master. The Gendarmes, having tracked the fugitive thus far, came upon them, but Leon being swift of foot, soon outran the fleetest of them, and Pierre Moulin was left to the tender mercies of the police who would no doubt have treated him unkindly, had he not been known as half witted, and moreover as the servant of their own captain. From this latter he would not have escaped as easily, but for the timely appearance of Leon himself in the street as already mentioned.

When captain Larreau was thrown from his horse, by the sturdy buffet which he received, he had no sooner touched the ground than he arose, without further molestation, and gazed around him to discover, if possible, the person who had thus unceremoniously assaulted him. His horse, which had stopped on finding the street barricaded, was gone, and it only remained for the discomfited soldier to mutter a *sacré*, which he did with a hearty good will, and to stride on to his guard house on foot, as best he might. How surprised was he then, when he saw standing at the door of his quarters, his noble steed, uninjured! Affixed to the saddle was a note in these words:

"Leon Latouche presents his respects to captain Larreau, and thanks him for the use of his horse, which being a fine animal, enabled him to escape his pursuers, the officers of police."

"I thank you for returning him," grumbled the Gendarme; and then set earnestly about preparing for his supposed and hoped for duty against the populace.

Let us now pay a short visit to another part of the city, before returning to the principal actors in our history. In one of the most respectable parts of the *grande ville*, and closely adjacent to the palace of the Louvre, stood a house, whose noble front towered far above the surrounding edifices; and whose possessor was equally superior to the most of his neighbours. It was the property of the Comte de Vargé, a republican, and one to whom the name of the Prince of Orange was as dear as his own time honoured title.

On this evening he was seated, together with his favourite daughter, Lisette, in the spacious window recess, gazing upon the crowd which thronged the *trottoir* below. The old man's countenance was lighted with enthusiasm as he saw in the faces of those he watched, the kindling fire of that spirit which was in a few short days destined to revolutionize France, and turning to his daughter he observed, "we shall soon again have fighting, child. My old arm aches to be again where it was wont years gone by; and I may yet hope to see it."

"But, father, you would not take arms against your king, even were you of an age to warrant it?" was the reply of his affectionate daughter; but her persuasions were not sufficient, all powerful as they were at other times, to deter him from the course he had marked out to be followed, in the struggle which he felt was approaching. So turning and

implanting an affectionate kiss upon her cheek, he without speaking, resumed his musing attitude. At that moment a gentleman, attended by two or three servants, rode past, and glancing at the window touched his hat and smiled. The Comte seemed about to forget his dignity and call to the passenger, but checking himself, he followed him with his eyes to the next turn of the street, and then said to Lisette, "I could scarcely contain myself, when I saw the face of him who at some future day will be remembered as the saviour of France. Mortier de Lafayette will ere long be here, as he has long since been elsewhere, ranked among the great men of our country."

"Think you there will be war, father," asked Lisette, "will there really be bloodshed, and murder, and all the horrible accompaniments of battles?"

"This one, girl, will be of short duration; injured France asks only her rights, and these she will have, come what may! If war is necessary, be it so; we are called abroad, 'Revolutionary France,' and we will show, that when oppression leaves us no alternative, we have the spirit in us to make good the title. Louis Philippe Duc d'Orleans *must* reign over France, and if it cannot be effected without another revolution, in God's name, amen! One arm, and one head, are prepared to rejoice, or for the guillotine, for it shall never be said that Reginald Comte de Vargé, was behind-hand in the good work." So saying the old man paced the room for some minutes, convulsively, much agitated by the conflicting thoughts which rushed madly through his brain: at length he resumed; "the students at the Polytechnick School will do as their fathers have done before them. Brave boys! their good deeds shall be given to posterity; and while France has such spirits within her she need fear no foe. Charles Dix knew them when he issued his last edict,\* but he was too late; the *peuple* love those boys, and they will be sustained. Mark me, Lisette," and the old man spoke with great emphasis, "Leon Latouche, the expelled student, will be foremost in the fight and——," his speech was cut short by a slight shriek from his daughter, who had fallen fainting on the floor. Overcome by his exertions and the sudden surprise, the Comte had scarcely strength to ring for the servants, to whose care he consigned her, and retired to his apartment, musing as he went. "Can it be possible" said he "that she loves him? by my honour if she does, and he is deserving, they shall wed; for in my opinion not a nobler heart beats in all Paris: his father and I were playmates and companions, and there is no one whom I more respect than old Victor Latouche." A maid now entered to say that his daughter was better, and the Comte dismissed the subject from his mind. It was as he suspected, and the great incentive to action in the few following days, next to Leon's love of country, was the thought that perchance Lisette might applaud him for his deeds.

The morning sun of the 28th of July, 1830, broke with unclouded and dazzling splendour upon the city of Paris, within whose narrow limits so many there were destined never again to see it arise. It shone upon how different a

\*The last ordonnance of the exiled monarch had for its object the suppression of L'école Polytechnique."



scene from that on which it was wont to shed its rays! In every street were armed bodies of men patrolling; many of whom, from their disordered garments and soiled arms, showed the night preceeding had not been an entirely peaceful one. From the topmost pinnacle of the Porte St. Dennis floated the Tri-Colour, and around its foot were assembled numerous bands of men, ready to defend, with their last heart's blood, this sacred symbol of their cause. It was against these that the greater body of the troops was to act, and conspicuous in the ranks of the Gendarmes, from his great size, was captain Larreau. Steadily, and with the precision of veterans, these tried soldiers advanced; they were received as firmly; once they were driven back with some loss, and again the order was given to charge. The populace nothing intimidated by the terrible front of the advancing soldiery, stood their ground bravely; the charge was repulsed and the soldiers again retreated. A buzz ran along their ranks. The troops opened to the right and left, and a dense mass of infantry, supported by several companies of artillery were seen arrayed in order of battle. The order to fire was given, and the front of the terrific line belched forth a sheet of flame bearing to many a brave man, the missile of death. The populace maddened and infuriated by this destructive fire, rushed on to annihilation. The conflict now became one of terror. Fresh bodies of troops came up and lent their aid in the work of blood. The band of citizens, reduced in numbers at each successive fire, still stood its ground, invigorated by its leaders, young men in the uniform of the Polytechnick School whose words seemed electrical and whose persons were apparently invulnerable. These ran from rank to rank, and cheering the people by their voices and example, they seemed about to lead them to victory, when a cry burst from the soldiers. "the barrier burns, the have fired it!" It was true; large volumes of flame were seen issuing from the roof of the Barriere St. Dennis. The smoke from the conflict was now rendered thicker by that from the burning building, and the flashes from the artillery and musketry, only served to light, for a moment, the opposing ranks, and then render all darker than before. The Tri-Colour waved from the height of the Barriere amid the flame and smoke, still exulting as if over the downfall of tyranny. One jet of fire shot upward, and when it again died away, that standard was seen no more. The staff tottered for an instant, and then fell into the fiery vortex beneath. A yell of triumph burst from the soldiers, and from that moment the hopes of the republicans were extinguished: their ammunition, too, was exhausted, and thus by their own act were they defeated. Those who sought not safety in flight, were captured, and Leon Latouche, scorning to retreat ignominiously, was taken by an overpowering force, not however before he had caused several to bite the dust by well applied strokes of his good blade. But the triumph of the troops was short lived; marching necessarily slow, in consequence of the numerous barricades and ambushes which obstructed their course, ere they reached the station house, their prisoners for the greater part, had been released, and their guard been obliged to escape as best they might. The republican ranks were now momentarily reinforced, and in many instances by bodies of military who

refused to act on the unpopular side. The "Fusileers Sedentaires," eleven hundred in number, threw down their arms, and volunteered with the populace! hand bills were distributed, calling on the people to repair immediately to the theatres where they would be supplied with arms and ammunition. A cry arose, "to the arsenals!" and the dense and agitated mass, actuated by a common impulse, rushed to the depositories of the publick arms which they sacked, and possessed themselves of the valuable property contained in them. These, however, were chiefly persons acting without order, and ungoverned by their officers; but the leaders, cadets of the Polytechnick School, were forming among themselves plans for the better guidance of these men hereafter; and need we say that foremost among these stood Leon Latouche?

At night the fighting ceased in some measure, and the authorities hoped that the disturbance would still prove but an *émuete*. How greatly did they misjudge! it was but the calm before the storm; for on the ensuing morning the populace were still more excited. So general had become the feeling in their favour, that those persons in the employ of the king or royal family, tore from the doors of their houses the escutcheons which surmounted them, fearing the rage of the republicans. A well directed and powerful attack was made upon the palace of the Louvre; amid heavy volleys of musketry, and in the face of the bayonets of the old Swiss Guard, between two and three hundred of the inhabitants forced the gates, and followed by thousands, rushed in. The Swiss overbalanced in numbers, fled precipitately to the royal palace of the Tuileries where they were again beaten, and from which they found refuge in their own quarters, the "Caserne Suisse," Babylone street. Leon was among the first to enter the Louvre, and at the door he was met by Larreau. "Die, miscreant!" shouted the latter. "I will at least rid the country of one rebel;" so saying he struck at the young man with his huge sword, and the blow would have proved fatal had it not been stayed by Pierre Moulin, who springing between the combatants, stumbled against his master and overthrew him. Larreau's great frame fell headlong, and the crowd rushed over him. How the servant came there, or for what purpose, was never known, probably actuated by a desire to see the conflict. Be that as it may, his master's sword encountered, in its descending course, the scull of the half witted Pierre, and Leon's life was saved by the loss of one less valuable. As the rear came up the captain of Gendarmes was captured, but being much bruised by his fall, he was suffered to proceed as he chose, being incapable of doing further injury.

The populace were now directed, by their leaders, to the "Caserne Suisse," the quarters of the Swiss Guard, who at the Louvre, the Tuileries, and the Hotel de ville had rendered themselves very obnoxious. The cadets led this mass of enthusiastick valour to the front of the building, where every window belched forth fire and smoke, and every aperture disclosed a musket. Straw was procured and burned upon the pavement, that the smoke might obscure their operations from the military within—artillery was brought up and trailed upon the doors, while far above the smoke of the battle waved the Tri-Colour, borne by the hands of Leon



Latouche, on horseback, and conspicuous above the rest. Once, so terrible were they galled by the destructive fire of the Swiss, they faltered; but the cheering voices of Leon and his school companions, aroused them anew to action, and the attack was pressed with redoubled vigour. Leon was every where, and although his body was in the greatest degree exposed, still he had received but one slight wound. The flag yet waved triumphantly though much torn and cut to pieces by the enemy's shot, for which it had been the peculiar target.

Suddenly, the fire from the windows slackened, the gates were violently burst open, and a small body of between thirty and forty of the brave Swiss, headed by a *vielle moustache*, rushed sword in hand through the passage! So sudden was the movement, and so unexpected the appearance of this Spartan band, that the besieging party were completely taken by surprise; scarcely a shot was fired until the Swiss had cut down many of their men; then they were met hand to hand. Among the foremost in their ranks was Larreau, who during the retreat from the Louvre had accompanied the Swiss Guard. Discovering Leon among the crowd, and seeing him engaged with another foe, the Gendarme crept behind him, and pulling him from his horse, laid him prostrate on the ground at his feet. The next instant the sword of the soldier descended on the head of the cadet; the blow was followed, or rather accompanied, so rapidly did the sound succeed, by the report of a pistol from another quarter, and the lifeless body of Larreau fell directly across the inanimate Leon. The young man had fallen in good time; the victory was won, and true to his former character, he was the first within the walls of the so lately hostile citadel; for, borne upon the shoulders of four of his companions, he entered the building, with the Tri-Colour bound around him! A few minutes more, and it streamed from the height of the "Caserne Suisse," announcing to the populace without, the glad tidings, that almost the last strong-hold of their oppressors had fallen.

At the close of the 29th, the revolution was in fact accomplished, though the fighting continued for another day. But on the morning of the 31st, on every flag-staff, where so lately had waved the white standard of the Bourbons, there was now displayed the proud flag of the PEOPLE's choice; and not one Tri-colour flaunted more gallantly in the morning breeze than did that which surmounted the mansion of the Comte de Vargé.

Within that spacious edifice, feverish and pale, lay the wounded cadet; he was sleeping, and but one form kept watch over his couch. Who kept this vigil, the reader need not be told, as methinks 'tis not hard to solve the enigma. Yes, it was *she*; pale with her effort of continued watchfulness, still she remained, thinking nothing a hardship, accounting sickness nought, in comparison with the time spent with him, who now lay stretched upon a bed of anguish from which he might never rise. He moves, he has awakened! see with care she raises his head from the pillow, and administers a sleeping draught; and is there not a tear, one tear mingled with that draught? a tear of joy, and from the heart; of thankfulness for his recovery to reason. Since his sickness he had raved much, and he now awoke so calm and placid, that he seemed already convalescent. "Where am I?" murmured he, after a slight groan; then relapsing for a moment he shouted "En avant! Charge! they know not their duty, we shall yet defeat them," and then fell back exhausted with his ravings. His cries brought in the old Comte from the antechamber, where he had been waiting for the patient's waking, accompanied by the physician and a gentleman in the uniform of *commandant de la Garde Nationales*. They all advanced to the bed side of the sufferer, and General Lafayette, laying his hand upon the head of the young man, said; "Leon, you have been of the greatest service to our cause, and that service shall be requited," then turning to the Comte he added "if he survive, which I very much doubt."

But he *did* survive, and many there are now living, who can tell of the noble step, and martial mien as he slowly walked up the aisle of Notre Dame, the star of the Legion d'Honneur glittering upon his breast, and received his bride from the hands of the old Comte de Vargé; and numbers still breathe whose voices made the welkin ring again, and who can testify that his was not the last to welcome to the throne the Citizen King.

Reader—the foregoing is an "o'er true tale." Leon Latouche, though not by that name, now holds a high rank in the National Guard, and has enrolled in his regiment many who recollect, with feelings of affection and enthusiasm, his treatment of them and their companions during the "GLORIOUS THREE DAYS!"

Buffalo, Dec. 1841.



## THE HARRISON GUARDS, OF ALLENTOWN, PA.

The Harrison Guards, the only volunteer corps bearing this appellation in the state of Pennsylvania, owes its existence as a distinct corps, to the political excitement, consequent upon the first canvass for the presidency, between Martin Van Buren and the late lamented chief magistrate. The military association to which the members of the "Guards" had hitherto been attached, was then divided. The friends of the late president, or the "*dissenters*" (as they are termed) withdrew, and speedily projected a new corps, which was inspected and organized December 10, 1836.

### *Officers.*

CAPTAIN—JACOB D. BOAS.

1st. Lieutenant,—GEORGE WETHERHOLD,  
2d. " GEORGE KEIPER,  
3d. " TIGLMAN GOODE.

### *Sergeants.*

1st.—Reuben Strouss  
2d.—Charles Seip,  
3d.—Reuben Guth,  
4th.—Charles Rinesmith.

### *Corporals.*

1st.—George Keck,  
2d.—Manasses Schwartz,  
3d.—Daniel M. Heinbach.  
4th.—Charles Stein.

The first parade took place on the 15th of May, 1837, with fifty-five members rank and file—September the 11th of the same year the company was presented with an elegant flag by the citizens of the Borough.

Lieutenant Wetherhold resigned his commission in May, 1840, and was succeeded by Gustavus A. Sage. This officer retained his station until May, 1841, when he, together with Lieutenant Keiper retired, their places being supplied by Sergeant Strouss (promoted) and Peter A. Sage.

The inauguration of General Harrison as president of the United States, March the 4th, 1841, will ever be regarded as an important epoch in the annals of the corps. On that glorious occasion the Whig young ladies of Allentown, through their fair organ Miss Maria Gingking, presented the corps a beautiful flag, accompanied by a neat and appropriate address, to which Captain Boas replied at length.

List of officers at present are as follows.

CAPTAIN—JACOB D. BOAS.

1st. Lieutenant,—REUBEN STROUSS,  
2d. " PETER A. SAGE,  
3d. " TIGLMAN GOODE.

### *Sergeants.*

1st.—William Boas,  
2d.—David Foxe,  
3d.—John Troxel,  
4th.—Charles Rinesmith.

### *Corporals.*

1st.—Daniel Roth,  
2d.—Manasses Schwartz,  
3d.—Reuben Savitz,  
4th.—John Kleckner.

For the U. S. Military Magazine.

## A SKETCH OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY JAMES REES.

"In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire  
With good old folks, and let them tell the  
Tales of woful days—long ago betide."  
SHAKESPEARE.

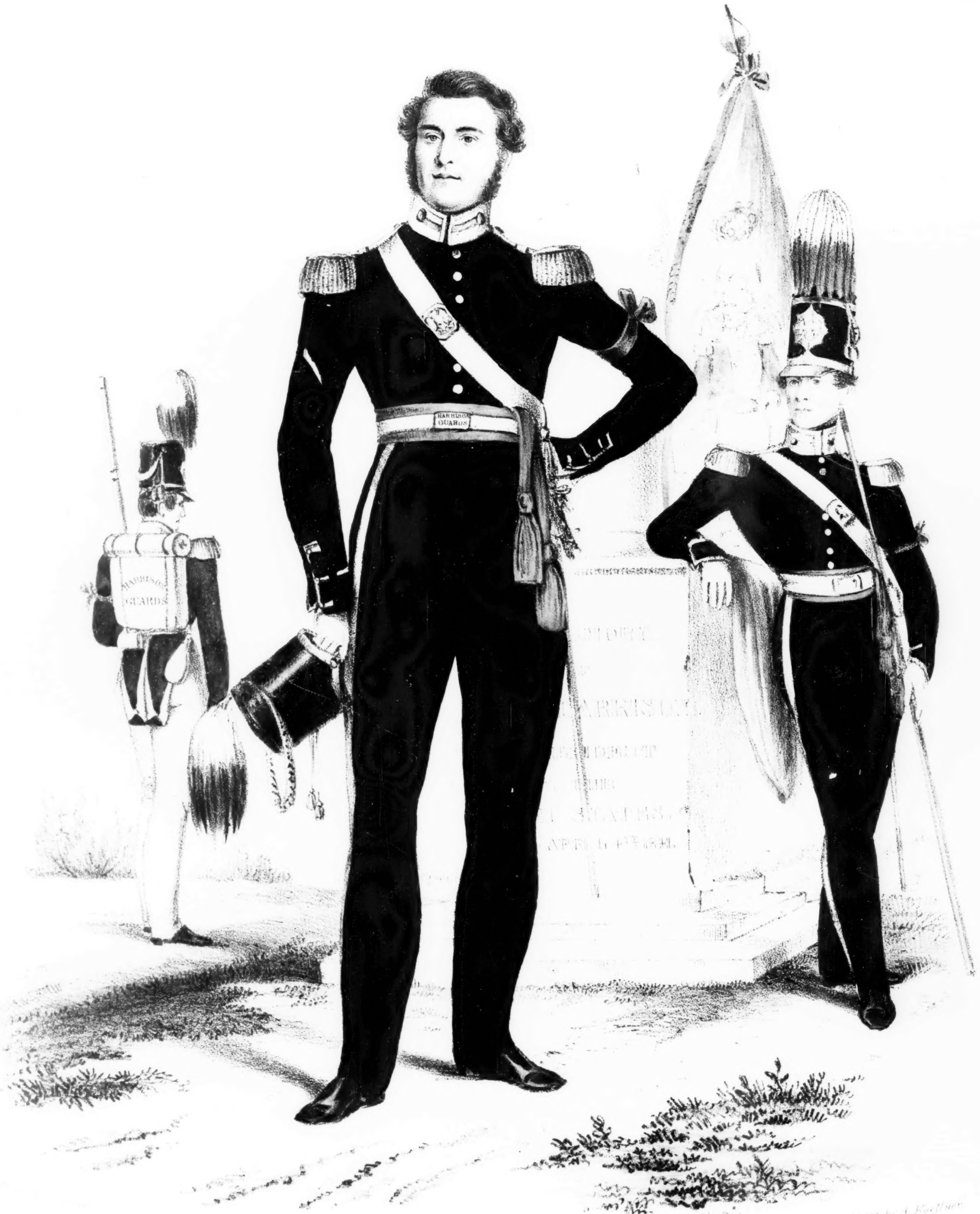
Our tale opens at a time when Lord Howe held possession of Philadelphia, and rioted there in luxury and dissipation, while Washington was suffering innumerable privations at Valley Forge.

The night was a dark and dreary one in the month of October, when the form of a man was seen emerging from a deep wood on the Banks of the Schuylkill, a short distance above what is now called *Fair Mount*, then a huge mass of rocks, deck'd with a few scattered cedars, and here and there an earthen mound thrown up, bearing as it did in after years the appearance of some slight means of defence. The sit-

uation of this place and its appearance was alike romantic and gloomy, the sombre hue, however, of the Schuylkill banks has gradually passed away—the hill or mound has crumbled as it were beneath the hand of art, and now appears more as an ornament to the scenery around, than as a reservoir for the water which supplies the beautiful city of Philadelphia.

'Twas on the western side of the stream the stranger stood, his dark eye glanced from beneath a slouched hat, seemed to scan the gloomy scene with dark forebodings. "Curse on his neglect," he muttered, "what detains him now—the time





Designed by W. M. Huddy.

Engraved by A. R. R. R.

# THE HARRISON GUARDS OF ALLENTOWN, PA

This plate is most respectfully dedicated

by Huddy & Duval.

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Philadelphia, Pa.



has already past, and methinks I hear the Piquet Guards relieving the midnight watch;—Hark!” While thus speaking the sound of oars broke on his ear, and he secreted himself behind a projecting rock, and anxiously watched the approaching boat—there was but one person in it, and as it drew near, he gave a shrill whistle which the stranger answered, “is all safe WILL?” “Yes, and the darkness of the night prospers our undertaking. ’Tis now past midnight, and I am in possession of the watch-word, which will enable you to reach any part of the city in safety.” The thanks of the stranger were given, and accompanied with something which seemed to be more weighty, and by the instinctive movement of the boatman, far more acceptable.

A little rivulet, (part of which is still to be seen washing the low grounds of the estate of the late Henry Pratt, Esq.) received the boat, which being secured, the two men separated after some slight whispering which ended, in the first alluded to, observing,—“Recollect my life depends upon your fidelity.—”

“Sooner would I die than betray you—but hush! our voices echo here and might awake suspicion.” They then separated, the boatman ascended the hill, while the stranger took the road leading to Main, or Broad street. He was of tall stature, remarkably well formed, with a countenance stern yet placid, seemingly one not easily ruffled—inflexibility was stamped on every feature. The route, of the time we speak, was long, dreary and dangerous. ’Twas then the country, ’tis now the city. We shall not describe it as it was, as it is, our readers are no doubt well acquainted.

There was something peculiarly interesting in the idea of a man traversing the wild and unfrequented path which lay before him, particularly at the hour of midnight, and added to the horrors which every where reigned around, originating from the rebellious times, so called by the kingly intruders on our shores. With slow and cautious step our hero proceeded on his journey, the moon which before was enveloped in clouds, now shed forth a feeble light on the wide desolate waste. He had now approached Vine street, near to the corner of Schuylkill Seventh, where stood a low built hovel indicating the extreme of poverty, and suspended on a sign the insignia of Great Britain, denoted the loyalty of its inhabitants. Poverty and loyalty are synonymous with the people! “Curse on these slavish scoundrels, they’ll yoke themselves to misery and float down to after ages, the veriest reptiles of a free born race, disgracing not only our cause, but the manly feeling which animates our shores.” He was passing this lone spot, when a stentorian voice commanded—“Halt!” he obeyed: “who are you,” “a friend,” “the word?”—“George?”—“pass on;” overjoyed at the success attending his first essay he walked on briskly, and reached Market street without molestation. The town now was full in view; a few scattered lamps, here and there, acted as guides, and he found himself within a few squares of his mother’s house, when five or six drunken officers ran against him in turning a corner. “Thunder and lightning” exclaimed one of them, “who are you, and sober too—how is this Sirrah—sober on the king’s birth-day?” “Your king——” words were on his lips but he checked them. “By Jupiter” shouted another “let us surround him.” This they affected

after a fashion which in ordinary times would have been highly amusing to the stranger. Thinking, however, discretion the better part of valor, he apologized for running against them, which was the cause of the exclamation of the first.

“Oh its granted, man, its granted, give us the city counter-sign and pass on, for we care d——d little whether you are a friend or foe.” Thinking that the one given to the Piquet Guard would answer, he boldly answered—“George.” Ha! what have we here—a traitor, by jupiter—hallo, the——” A voice whispered in his ear, ‘London;’ he turned quickly round and perceived a figure glide into an obscure alley, he gave *London* for the city—*George* for the Piquet, and was permitted to pass on. Astonished at this rencontre, and wondering who his friendly monitor was, he at last reached the dwelling of his mother; a gentle tap was immediately answered by the opening of the door, and he found himself encircled in her arms. We shall pass over this affectionate meeting, which the times rendered far more interesting, to the conversation which ensued.

“You have risked your life my son, and why is it so? William has been here, and told me of your intention in visiting me.”

“Mother my mission is a secret, secret as the grave, one tongue alone breathed it, one ear alone received it—That tongue was Washington’s and the ear my own, the times are dreadful and it requires every art and stratagem to keep our soldiers together, and there is but one man, mother, who possesses that power, and that man is our beloved Washington. We are destitute of blankets and provisions, for appearance must be kept up: did Howe suspect one half of our misery and suffering, he would not riot and revel here.”

“Ah, my son, our city is in a dreadful state, some are fearful he basely intends to fire it, and quit it, others think——”

“Fire the city mother!—no—no he cannot mean that—if I thought—yes my own hand would do the deed, and rid the world of such a monster. No! no! mother, he will not, cannot—dare not do this; show me my chamber—I am fatigued, on to-morrow we will talk the matter over again—good night”

The morning after the circumstance which we have related, our young adventurer arose early. “I am now” said he, when seated at the breakfast table, “in the midst of my enemies and my task not yet completed.” “Dear son, trust not yourself too far.” “My life, mother, is nothing: ’tis the gift of my country, and she shall be the purchaser—our situation as a free nation, a free people require the sacrifice of lives, and why not mine?—One circumstance of yesternight still perplexes me: while in the power of those drunken soldiery, some friendly voice whispered the city watchword, *one* who knew me either by name or station I am certain, be he who he may, he is a friend to our cause.” Having despatched his breakfast he emerged into the street, he cast his eyes around, a restraint heavy and insupportable seemed depicted on every countenance, even business felt the iron hand resting on her once active wheels, and while the sunken eye glanced at our hero from some whom he once knew, a tremor came over him, not of fear for his own *individual* self, but the cause—self interest he knew governed and ac-



tuated men, according to their situations in life, and one who seemed to keep a spy upon his actions suggested the probability of this theory. He kept close to his heels almost to impertinence, he looked a man whom desperate deeds had rendered desperate, and whatever motive he had in following our hero, he determined to have it fathomed. For that purpose he led him through several streets, and blind alleys, when turning quick around in the most obscure place he confronted him face to face; a movement on the part of his pursuer induced him to seize him instantly by the throat.—“Make but one effort to call for assistance and I will poignard you on the spot.” All this was the work of an instant and spoken in an under tone. “Why Colonel don’t you know me, did I not give you proof last night that you had a friend in town.”

“Why Doane is it you? how is it possible, ’twas but the other day, we heard that you were pursued into the Delaware.”

“So I was, but I got up on the other side—come this is no place for conference, I will conduct you to a tavern where freedom and monarchy mix together as free as gin and water.” They entered a tolerable Inn, such a one, now-a-days considered *mean*. Having called for some refreshments they took their seats beside a stove. A variety of characters came in, and almost every subject was freely discussed. Among the company were four British officers, who immediately began a conversation about the rebels. “Time hangs heavy on our hands comrades—Lord Howe is determined to spend his winter here, and give us time and opportunity to ape the fashions of our provincial friends. The enemy do not seem inclined to give us battle! Landlord give us more brandy—here’s a health to King George! What! rebels here: well, well, you can have your ways gentlemen, you are at least privileged prisoners here to run about the streets.” The third rebel, so called, sat in the most remote part of the room, and was completely enveloped in a cloak. “Halloa Jack,” roared out another of the officers, “have you heard the news?” “No! what is it?” “why LEE is to succeed Washington in his command.” “Tut, tut, man, this is old news, they are both cowards.” “Hell, and d—n,” muttered our hero; “Doane this is too much!” “keep cool man, you are in the lion’s mouth.” With some difficulty he was restrained, but the third of whom allusion has been made, started up and uttered the one emphatic word “LIAR!” The officer made a feeble motion of resenting the insult, when the other continued, “they are not cowards—dare you, a smoothed face recruited slave, call Washington coward: liar, scoundrel off—nor raise your arm to me (the soldier had made another effort) or I’ll crush you to atoms.” “Noble, by heaven,” exclaimed Doane in a whisper, “we will back him Colonel.” “Who is he Doane?” “can’t tell—a stranger,” who still continued—“Talk of your Kings, your Lords, your Dukes, drink your rum, but by the blood of my sires, if you speak ill of Washington, I’ll trample you to dust”—so saying he took his seat. “The man is mad,” muttered the terrified soldier. “I am not mad poltroon, unless your folly make me so, you are a coward, and ashamed to own it.” “A coward?” “yes, boy, I repeat it, a coward. Look here, (throwing open his cloak exposing a belt with a dirk, and a brace

of pistols,) and see, I am able to make good my word—thus I can walk our streets, and you hear how I dare talk.” The officers whispered among themselves, and with significant looks and gestures alternately turned to Doane and the Colonel, left the Inn. The bold stranger followed, but as he reached the door he stopped, and looked towards our hero as he spoke—“You will not be surprised at my conduct, when I inform you, that I was fully aware *we* had as many friends *here* as they had,” so saying and wrapping his cloak around him he quitted the house. Not one could tell who he was. Doane swore if he had not seen his face he should have taken him for his brother; but to him, who knew every body, he was a perfect stranger. “We must now part,” exclaimed the Colonel,—“but remember, Doane, a great deal depends on you for the issue of this night’s work, and meet me where our boat is moored precisely at twelve o’clock.”—They separated. What that business was, our readers, like ourselves, must remain in ignorance. We therefore pass over the time intervening and transport the Colonel and the patient reader on his way to the Valley Forge. As night’s sable curtain seems to be the cloak under which all heroes and adventurers seem to move and act, we must not be out of fashion when we represent the scene—night. The Colonel passed the boundary line on his way to meet his friend William, whom the reader will recollect ferried him over the river Schuylkill. The night was pleasant and mild, the moon shed forth its silvery rays over the landscape, and a solemn stillness reigned around. As he approached, the sound of voices struck upon his ear, that being unusual and suspicious, he ascended the hill and crept cautiously along until he found himself immediately above where stood four men, three of whom were muffled in large cloaks. “I tell you” said one, (and to his astonishment recognized the voice of William)—he will come even now, the time presses that he promised to meet me here, and his business requires a speedy return.” “The reward,” exclaimed another, “is yours, if acting according to our directions this night’s work succeeds—he is supposed to be a Spy of no common kind, and five hundred dollars Howe awards you; as soon therefore as he arrives, give the signal and we will secure him.” “Step back gentlemen into yonder bush, I will here await his coming.”—The three stepped back accordingly. A dark form stole up towards the Colonel, in whom he recognized his friend Doane. “Did you hear that scoundrel?” “Yes, step back Colonel, I will pay him in leaden coin:” and ere the Colonel could interfere, the report of Doane’s pistol sounded in his ear, and the base form of the boatman rolled into the silent stream—“keep quiet Colonel, step back, here watch the enemy.” The three men started from their covert and rushed up the hill, on the upper side. Doane silently led the Colonel down on the lower, jumped in the boat and pushed it gently off. After floating a short distance silently down the stream they commenced rowing, and in safety reached the opposite side. This ends our sketch of an adventure, which, if fiction’s pen hath dressed, contains the name of one whose fame still lives in the memory of *many* of the old inhabitants of Montgomery County.—I mean that of Doane.





To the  
**FIRST TROOP MONTGOMERY COUNTY.**  
 CAPT W<sup>m</sup> Z. MATHEYS.

*This plate is most respectfully dedicated*

*By Huddy & David.*

*By Huddy & David.*